

Rav Rettler and the Two Faced Teacher

by R.Rettler

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Summary: There are always people in the background being overlooked. Unseen behind the heroes and heroines of the story. But it's the little people, like Rav, that end up having the biggest outcome in the end. Befriending people like Professor Sprout, Filch, and a Slytherin, Rav Rettler is the background girl who altered the course of magical history forever with no one knowing.

1. The Sorting

"Wake up first year!" An abrupt banging echoed through her muddled dream. Snapping out of her sleep Rav quickly eyed a much older, pudgy, almond skin girl wearing a green and silver tie under her black robes, banging on the compartment door. "Trains arrived, you need to get off." She said swishing her long black hair over her shoulder and putting a hand on her hip.

"Sorry I-,"

"I don't care first year, just get off. You're keeping me from supper" She huffed impatiently.

Rav got to her feet and stood awkwardly facing her elder, trying to shake an odd dream she just had. With a quivering hand Rav wiped a thin line of cold sweat that had formed around her brow.

"You're not going to be sick are you?" The girl asked, taking a step back with a look of disgust.

"No, head just hurts." Rav muttered.

The older girl rolled her eyes, "Well come on then!" and aggressively waved her arms out in front of her, pointing down the hall towards the exit of the train, "We don't have all night."

Rav reached for her trunk above the seat, "no, no, no!" The girl

barked at her. Rav getting more annoyed with her presence by the second. "Leave that there, the House Elves will get it. Come _ON_."

House Elves? Rav pictured tiny little fairies trying to lug her suitcase around, completely unaware of what she was talking about. Eying the girl with distinct dislike, Rav moved around her and down the train towards the exit. Her own black cloak dragging on the floor behind her, collecting bits of debris. The professor who came to collect her, _Professor Sprut or maybe it was Prout,_ only had enough money for second hand robes when they went to the odd alley together after she received her school letter.

Feeling a bit silly, Rav gripped the sides of her robes and tugged them up as she stepped off the train and into the night.

"Last one Hagrid," the almond skinned girl spat rather rudely as she walked off in the other direction.

Rav watched her walk away then turned and examined the group she was left with. A cluster of twelve kids her age were being dwarfed by the largest, wildest man Rav had ever seen. The hair on his chin was just as long and tangled as the hair knotted around his head, making one section completely indistinguishable from the other. She took a step back from the scene, panic starting to race through her heart.

"No need to be scared," the wild man laughed, "it's Fang who ya gotta' watch out for. He'll lick your nose clean off." And with a swift saucer sized hand, the wild man patted a great big grey dog at his side making Rav take another concerned step back.

The wild man's smile faded just slightly at her apprehension, "Well, none the less, best be off! If you would follow me please- boats are down by the shore." The great man turned with his lantern and led the way with a nervous group of kids trailing behind him.

Only one girl lingered behind with Rav, "that's Hagrid," she said confidently, "He really isn't that bad once you get over his height. My dad said he's one of the nicest people at Hogwarts." Her tight blond curls bounced as she spoke, and sapphire blue eyes popped out of from her porcelain white skin. "My name is Gertrude, what's yours?"

"Rav," The name sounded unnatural coming out of her mouth.

"Just Rav?"

"As far as I know." Rav said slightly heated. She didn't like being questioned.

"You don't know you're full name?" Gertrude asked, propping up an eyebrow.

"That's all I was given when my Grandpa died, my last name is Rettler."

"Well come on then, Rav. Don't want to be late to the feast."

Rav hesitated in her spot, wondering if she truly did belong here with these people. She missed her room and her friends in the foster

home. With a certain unwillingness, Rav hung her head and decided to follow the confident blond girl leading the way.

When they reached the boats everyone had already climbed in with partners, her and Gertrude being the last ones. Not knowing how to swim, Rav clung tightly to the narrow wooden bench as she and Gertrude climbed in to a small row boat at the back of the fleet.

"Keep your hands n' feet in the boat, if ya' don't mind please." Hagrid's voiced boomed from somewhere in the darkness before the boats gave a sudden lurch forward.

Rav could feel Gertrude turn and face her in the boat, "So what are you, a muggle born?"

"A what?" Rav asked without looking at her, unsure if she should be offended at the label.

"A muggle born. Non magic parents?"

"I didn't know my parents. They left me with my grandpa when I was a baby and then my grandpa died. I grew up in foster care." The sentence was obviously something Gertrude had not expected nor knew how to respond to because the two fell quite for a long time.

The boats glided effortlessly through the water, stars from above reflecting as tiny specks of light on the surface. It was a warm night with no breeze or clouds in the sky. The lack of chatter meant Rav was not the only one being lulled to sleep by the rippling of water and warm sticky air.

"Well what house do you think you'll be in?"

Rav snapped her head to look at Gertrude, annoyed by the interruption, "Sorry?"

"House. What house do you think you'll be in?"

"I just told you I don't even know who my parents are, and you expect me to know what these Houses are that you're talking about?" It came out a little ruder than intended.

Gertrude narrowed her eyes at Rav's tone. "I'm just trying to be friendly, you don't have to be sour you know." She crossed her arms in front of her chest, obviously offended by the altercation.

Rav heaved a sigh and weighed the need for a friend this early into the school year, "alright then, tell me what a house is."

Gertrude's demeanor changed instantly as she started to chat away, "Well there are four of them. My whole family including my older brother has been placed in Ravenclaw. Which is where all the smart people are. Then there is Hufflepuff, and mum says that's where all her best friends were placed because it's only made of nice people. You also have Gryffindor, and Daddy says that's just for the hotheads, or Slytherin which only houses one type of people."

The end of her sentence caught Rav off guard, "what type of people?" she asked with curiosity.

With a smug look Gertrude responded, "Slytherin only takes kids who are up to no good, 'like bad eggs,' is what Surge, my brother, says."

The boats turned a corner as the last few words tumbled out of Gertrude's mouth and revealed the most magnificent and ancient looking castle Rav had ever seen; though she only had history books to compare it to. The boats banked themselves moments later with a soft thud on the damp earth, sending a nervous chatter threw the new students.

Gertrude and Rav walked in silence as they approached the castle. Stumbling occasionally on rocks hidden in the darkness that were littering the dirt path. Hagrid led them all the way to the entrance and knocked three times, turning at the end of the third one to give the group of kids at his feet an encouraging thumbs up.

The great oak doors swung open and at the center of the entrance was a woman with tightly pulled back greying dark hair, severe expression, and a roll of parchment clutched in her withering hands.

"Thank you, Hagrid, you may go the Feast." Her clipped tone was something Rav had heard before, but couldn't remember where.

"Thanks Min- I mean Professor McGonagall," Hagrid tried to ease past the professor, looking at his feet as she threw him a warning look.

"Well," Professor McGonagall started again, this time a little more welcoming, "Dumbledore was not lying when he said this was a small year!" Having a difficult time deciding if it was gratitude or disappointment in the professor's voice, Rav watched the witch looked over the small group of huddled together first years. "This way, please."

And with that, the twelve new students followed her with shuffling feet and craned necks up a very wide staircase to another set of old, withered looking wood doors. Rav stood as far away from the group as she could without being considered outside of it as they huddled around the second entrance. "In a moment," Professor McGonagall started, "I will lead you through these doors in to the Great Hall where the rest of the school awaits you. You will be sorted and placed in your houses before the feast. I will ask that you remain silent during this process, as choosing your houses is a rather large tradition at this school."

"Is everyone ready?" Professor McGonagall asked, clubbing the piece of parchment into her other hand. Only a few kids managed to nod before the great doors swung open by themselves, and Professor McGonagall turned to lead the way in.

The Great Hall was indeed very _great._ Rav's eyes rounded into large marbles as she examined the room, containing four long tables and a ceiling that seemed to have no roof. She flushed red with embarrassment however, when she noticed everyone in the room was observing the tiny group of students with varying expressions. No one, especially this amount of people, had ever looked in Rav's direction this long before. Walking down the center aisle, they all

came to a halt in front the dining room where a massive table sat elevated with the most magical and odd looking people Rav could imagine. In the far left corner though, sitting next to a frizzy haired woman in magnifying glasses, was the sweet dumpling of a woman that had gone with Rav to retrieve her school supplies. The same patch of dirt sticking to her cheek as it did the day they went shopping.

In front of them sat a wooden stool with a large, crumpled pointed hat perched on top of it. "When I call your name," Professor McGonagall said loud enough for the whole hall to hear, "you will come forward, sit on the stool, and have the Sorting Hat placed on your head." Giving one last careful look of the small crowd of students, she called the first name, "Katie Bell."

From the middle of the group, a timid looking girl emerged. Her brown hair, with eyes to match, was pulled back into a perfect ponytail that swayed as she took her seat on top of the stool. Professor McGonagall dropped the hat onto her head only to have it promptly fall past her nose.

A rip in the curvature of the hat tore open, making a face appear in the worn leather, "ah, another year already?" The hat croaked, startling Rav, "alright then, let's see here. Bell, is it? I think the place for you is Gryffindor!"

Professor McGonagall took the hat off the Katie's head to reveal a very happy expression painted there. The far right table burst into applause as she hopped down and took a seat. "Bet she's a hot head," Rav heard Gertrude whisper in her ear.

Four other students were called forward after Katie. A black boy, named Lee Jordan, was quickly placed into Gryffindor as well as girl named Angelina Johnson. The other two, Sam Kilm and Olivia Livimod, were both placed in Slytherin before Gertrude was called up.

With a confident smile she sat on top of the stool and waited as the hat was placed on her head. "Slytherin!" The hat shrieked instantly. Rav flinched back at the conviction in the hat's tone and watched as Gertrude's smile fell to look of pure devastation. Professor McGonagall had to almost push her off the stool because she was so unwilling to accept her placement.

Feeling a bit bad for Gertrude, Rav tried to give her an encouraging smile as she made her way to the farthest table on the left. Making out the smallest trail of tears, Rav quickly decided to avert her eyes, the expression of "bad egg," ringing through her ears.

The next few students, Aiden Myers, Stephanie Nightstick, and a rather malicious looking boy named Kent Pike were also sorted into Slytherin. Leaving Rav alone with two lanky identical twin brothers with flaming red hair at the front of the hall. She thought it was odd, how divided the housing seemed to going. "Was it always either Gryffindor or Slytherin?"

"Rav Rettler,"

"Maybe Gertrude was wrong about the houses," she thought, "or got them confused. What if Slytherin wasn't the 'bad egg,' house."

"Rav Rettler?"

_Gertrude didn't seem that bad earlier. _

A dull pain in her ribs took her out of her thoughts and back to the Great Hall. One of the red haired brothers had nudged her, and then nodded his head towards Professor McGonagall. "Whenever you deem fit, Ms. Rettler." Professor McGonagall said, irritated.

With a few laughs echoing from around the hall, and the twins next to her trying to hide their snickering, she walked up the steps and towards the stool. Tripping over her robes, she turned and faced the crowd, unsure of what to do with her hands. Rav could feel her cheeks glowing red. The stool was hard and uncomfortable under her backside as the Sorting Hat at was plopped onto her head, and much like Katie, quickly falling past her ears and on to her nose.

There was a silence in the hat, a very uncomfortable tense silence. ****"Who are you, girl?"**** A voice croaked in her ear******. "From where do you hail? Your blood line has a very dark past, but yet I am unable to place you."****** Rav had no answer to give the hat, because she didn't know either. ****"Solitude is what you seek, but yetâ€¦Slytherin is not where you belong."****

"Gryffindor!" The hat shouted to the Great Hall. The hat was removed off her head with a rather abrupt motion, and Rav made her way to the table of the far right clapping enthusiastically. Seating herself a bit down from Angelina, Lee and Katie, Rav sat quietly unsure of what to do or say. Embarrassment still flooding through her.

The twins, Fred and George, barely had the hat touch their heads before they were placed in Gryffindor after the hat barked, "Weasley!" for the pair of them with a mildly entertained chuckle. They wedged themselves opposite each other by Katie and Angelina, effectively cutting Rav out from the group.

Keeping her head hung until the wizard sitting in the middle of the long staffing table stood up and cleared his throat. His pearl white beard and long straight hair were both draped well past his belt line, a pair of half-moon glasses clung to the very tip of his nose, and a charming smile stood out from underneath his turnip purple pointed hat. "Good evening!" He boomed, the hall falling silent. "And welcome back to another amazing year at Hogwarts."

Rav couldn't help but feel anything besides humor towards this funny looking old man. "What an odd year this is. Only twelve new students, divided perfectly into two houses. And!" He shouted loudly, pointing a finger in the air, "the smallest class in Hogwarts a History! Definitely something for the book," He laughed to himself. "Before we gorge ourselves on super, I would like to remind all students that The Dark Forest is strictly out of bounds and that anyone found harassing Mr. Filch's cat will be immediately reprimanded."

"Is that Dumbledore?" Rav could hear Lee asking the group of new Gryffindors in a whisper.

"Aye," said Angelina with a beautiful smile, making Lee blush.

So that's Dumbledore, Rav remembered his name printed at the bottom of her letter that she received over the summer, w_hat an odd person

to be in charge of a school_.

"And with that, I would just like to say three words;" Dumbledore smiled at the faces looking back at him, "Dip! Knotter! Coot!"

Rav scrunched up her nose in confusion, _what an odd man indeed.

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2. Potions Master

Chapter 3: Potions Master

Looking down at the course schedule Professor McGonagall had handed her at breakfast, Rav felt nothing but overwhelmed. It was the first day of classes and Gryffindor had Potions before Lunch with Defense Against the Dark Arts and Transfiguration after. She had overheard Katie and Angelina talking enthusiastically about the classes for today and tomorrow (Herbology and Charms), but Rav couldn't understand any of it.

Potions? Like smoking cauldrons and melting bones? Rav rolled her eyes at the thought of it as she got up from the breakfast table with the rest of the Gryffindor class, and made her way to the dungeons. Everything she originally assumed about Hogwarts and agreed to when she responded to her acceptance letter had completely gone out the window. It wasn't that she didn't believe in magic but thought it strictly involved spells and wand waving, not Potions and Transfiguration—whatever that was_.

"Rav!" her name echoed from behind her. "Rav! Wait up!" Gertrude's bouncing head of white curls could be seen coming through the crowd of students bustling to the first classes of the day.

"Did you hear?" Gertrude asked excitedly getting closer, struggling to hold all her books.

"Hear what?"

"That goody-two-shoes aren't the choice of footwear anymore?" One of the Weasley twins chuckled to his brother as they passed. Rav shot them a look, but held her tongue.

"Since there is no Ravenclaw or Hufflepuffs in our year, Slytherin and Gryffindor have every class together!" Her eager tone travelled far enough to catch the passing ears of Rav's fellow Gryffindors, their groans of dislike resonating off the darkening walls.

"That's great Gertrude," Rav tried a smile.

The pair turned and headed deeper into the bowels of Hogwarts while Gertrude explained to Rav her acceptance and reasoning behind why she became a Slytherin in great detail.

"Isn't this professor your House Head?" Rav asked eyeing the nearing charcoal colored dungeon door.

"Snape? Yeah. He was in Slytherin when Dad and Mum went to school. Haven't met him before personally. Mum says he's kind of the dark and—well not mysterious, but just dark type," She

giggled.

Gertrude dragged Rav to the front of the class where they sat side by side at a two person desk surrounded by other Slytherins. Rav looked around at her own Gryffindor year and noticed them all whispering to themselves and eying her from the back of the room.

Uneasy with their judgement, Rav questioned her seating choice, "Gertrude maybe I shou-,"

"There will be no talking while I am speaking," a man's voiced called out.

Rav snapped her head forward only to be met by the slender mid-section of a completely black clad older man. Looking up slowly she saw a pair of dark marbled eyes peering down at her over his hooked nose. He stepped back from Rav and rounded his desk in front of the chalk board. His jaw length black hair parted down the middle did his face no justice and only made him look more pale and birdlike than what was necessary.

"You are here to learn about the subtle and extremely difficult art of potion-making," Professor Snape folded his arms and began, "There will be no need for wands in my class room along with any sort of foolishness. If you listen closely, and have any sort of talent," Snape sneered, "I can teach you how to create potions so dark that the dead hair on Merlin's beard would curl, or ones that will make any famous witch or wizard fancy the ugliest of individuals. I do not waste time, however, on students who do not care to understand or possess the predisposition for this category of magic."

Rav gaped at the professor, completely appalled at his threatening approach to teaching. She turned to Gertrude for any sign of the same opinion but only found her scribbling notes on parchment.

"Today you will be working on an extremely simple potion that is an ointment for boils. You will have the entire class period to finish it. Whatever you complete will be turned in by the end of the period. The ingredients and directions will be on the board. I expect each student to deliver one vial, which means you will be working separately." Snape growled.

The entire class shuffled into their book bags for supplies which included a cauldron, box of ingredients and potions textbook. This made Rav flushed a sickly white. Not expecting to move so quickly in class on the first day, she had not thought to tell Professor Snape that she needed the school to provide those things for her.

She sat still, unsure of how to approach the situation and hoped all of the things she needed would just fall out of the air- _it was a magic school after all, right?_ Waiting longer than she should have, Rav finally stood up with visibly shaking legs and walked over to where Professor Snape was. He was finishing the instructions for the potion at the chalkboard when Rav interrupted him. "Excuse me, professor," she said barely above a whisper.

He stopped mid stroke and looked down at her as if he had just swallowed something sour, "yes?" he hissed.

"Pr-professor Sprut s-said that the professors would have a textbooks

and supplies for me to use." Rav broke eye contact with Professor Snape, "I couldn't afford my own." She mumbled.

Snape dropped his hand from the white board and Rav became painfully aware of how attentive the class was being to their conversation. "I believe you are talking about Professor Sprout." He scorned her, "What is your name?" Snape hissed once more.

"Rettler, sir. Rav Rettler." Hanging her head in embarrassment, she tried to look anywhere but at Professor Snape's disapproving glare forcing her to catch the various judgmental smiles shining back at her from the class.

"Follow me, Ms. Rettler." Snape said darkly as his black cloak swished passed her, leading them through a closed side door. Behind it was a rather large gloomy office being suffocated with an abundance of wooden shelves. Each shelf containing hundreds of jars with some of the most vile colored liquids, animal parts, and even human extremities. The scent hanging in the air was damp and rotten from all of the odd stagnant potions. Rav was failing miserably at trying to not scrunch up her nose from the smell.

Snape walked over to a tattered cupboard by the wall and pulled out a textbook missing its cover, a rusting cauldron with no handle, and a box that would not shut all the way. Professor Snape went through various ingredients on a nearby shelf and threw them into the box for her. Stacking the box on top of the book and the cauldron on top of the box, he handed Rav the pile of supplies. Snape then leaned in and very quietly said, "Simply arrive early next time and I can help you avoid embarrassment again."

Bringing her eyes to meet his, Rav caught the quickest glimpse of understanding flash across his black sunken eyes. "Yes, sir. Thank you." She said back.

He stood up, and with a cold hand, grabbed her shoulder and spun her around; rushing Rav out of his office.

Gertrude eyed the supplies Snape had given her as Rav retook her seat. "I have extras," she whispered, "If you need them." Rav gave Gertrude a quick smile, then bent down and tried to start working on her own potion. Only to turn back to Gertrude after a moment and ask how she managed to turn the flame on under the cauldron.

By the end of class Rav had finished in time with Gertrude and two other Slytherin students, Olivia and Kent. All four of their pots rising with pink steam several inches from the surface before disappearing into the air. Feeling confident with her concoction, Rav took a dirty vial out of the box Snape had given her and poured her potion to the brim before corking it. She then took a second vial, filled it half way, corked it, and brought this to Professor Snape. Shoving the first one into her pocket.

"You will have 12 inches of parchment due on Wednesday discussing the first two chapters in your textbooks," Snape called over the moving class.

"If you're not doing anything tonight or tomorrow, I can show you where the Library is and we can work on that together." Gertrude offered while showing Rav how to clean up her station.

After putting her potion supplies back in her dormitory, Rav was sitting in the Great Hall eating a rather small cut of sandwich by herself before the rest of the Gryffindor class joined her.

"I must have put too many Nettles in mine, my potion was brown when I turned it in." She heard Lee Jordan complaining as they sat down close to her. "I thought Snape would strangle me when the cork popped off."

"That's alright mate," one of the twins said, "At least you weren't like Chav, necking with the Slytherins." The group laughed rather loudly, almost forced, at the comment.

"Aye," Angelina started, "Chav might as well be a Slytherin with how well she fit in down there." The twins, Katie, and Lee all agreed with Angelina's conclusion with hearty laughs.

Rav, however, was quite confused. _What type of disconnected wizard would name their child Chav, a rather rude name for muggles who were seen as low class?_

Finishing her food, she decided to listen to Snape's advice and head to her next professor early to collect the supplies before class began. Walking away from the table and past her classmates, she tripped and fell to the ground causing Rav scratch her palms.

Rav quickly stood up tried to ignore the pain in her hands while looking around for what she had tripped on. All she was greeted with though was a very excited laughter from the Gryffindor table. Katie and Angelina were trying to hide their amused expressions while Fred, George, and Lee high fived each other. Understanding that one of the five had tripped her on purpose, Rav left the group with bruised hands and a rather hurt confidence.

Often being the subject of harassment in her Foster homes, Rav once again ignored her encounter with Fred and George and carried on to her next class. She made her way down the corridor in silence to the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom. The only other living soul Rav saw during the walk was a mangy looking cat with bulging yellow eyes that she stopped to pet. After telling the cat how pretty she was, Rav found her next classroom with plenty of time to spare and entered without knocking. The room was poorly decorated. It lacked any exciting or interesting pieces of artwork and had only thin drapes hanging from the windows that barely blocked the sunlight out. Muttering to himself behind his desk was a pasty man in a dark blue turban. Rav cleared her throat to notify him that she was there and immediately regretted the decision. She might as well have dropped a bomb in the room by the way he reacted to her presence.

Scrambling out of his chair with a great look of surprise, the Professor clutched his heart and looked at her with disbelief. "M-m-my dear g-girl." He stuttered. "W-what in Merlin a-a-are y-y-you doing here?"

Rav tried to keep herself from idling too long, as she could tell this interaction was going to take much longer than the one she had with Snape. "I'm in your next class. You're Professor Quirrell, right?"

"Y-y-yes. B-b-b-but class doesn't s-s-start for another few m-m-minutes." He said with a failing smile.

"I know, sorry Professor," returning the courteous smile, "But Professor Sprout told me that all the professors would be able to give me a textbook for the year and any supplies that I would need. I couldn't afford them on my own."

Quirrell fidgeted with his hands, trying to piece together what she was saying. Then with a sudden understanding and change of expression he said, "oh, r-r-right! Ms. R-r-rettler, am i-i-I right? Yes b-b-books are in the cupboard b-b-behind you. P-p-please help yourself, but then w-w-w-wait outside for your fell-fellow classmates."

Rav felt uneasy standing in the room alone with professor Quirrell. His nervous look and darting eyes made him appear like a child that was hiding candy he had just stolen. She turned and walked to the nearest cupboard and took the closest book, not caring about the condition it was in, and quickly left the room not wanting to be alone with the nervous teacher any longer. Outside the door she stood in the hallway extremely confused. She felt more afraid of being alone with Professor Quirrell than with Professor Snape and all his dead, preserved, chopped up animals. Absorbed in trying to figure out what about Professor Quirrell intimidated her, Rav completely missed Fred and George sneaking up on her.

"BOO!" They screamed together, each twin taking one ear to yell into.

Rav reacted much like Quirrell had when she barged into his room. Yelping, she clutched her heart and stumbled back several paces away from the twins in pure horror. The twins laughed as she tried to catch her breath. Once Rav regained control of her heart rate though, she could no longer stand the twins picking on her.

"You're not funny you know." She hissed at them, standing up tall and crossing her arms.

"Yes we are!" One said

"Sneaking up on people and tripping them isn't funny!" Rav retorted hotly.

"I found it funny, didn't you Fred?"

"Absolutely George."

"Reckon Katie and Lee found it funny too?"

"Aye."

"And judging by the way the rest of the table was laughing, they found it pretty funny."

"And the Hufflepuffs sitting next door, George." Fred said with a wink to Rav. She took note of this one's facial features compared to his brother. Fred was just slightly taller than George, with a less round face, and a nose bending to the left instead of sitting straight.

Rav knew how to pick and choose her battles, and two against one was never a smart idea. Instead Rav left them in a huff and went for a stroll before their Defense Against the Dark Arts class. Taking the entire walk to try and sort out if she could reverse the potion that Snape had taught them this morning in order to make it cause boils and not cure them. _Sneak some of that into their porridge,_ she thought, _that would teach them._

As the day dragged on it was obvious that it would be a long year with the Weasley twins. Choosing to sit next to Gertrude again instead of Gryffindor during Defense Against the Dark Arts, Rav witnessed George egging Fred on to throw things at Quirrell while his back was turned. They made a point system out of Professor Quirrell's body parts, the turban being the most points if hit. Fred and George also managed to morph a moth into a rather large deformed fuzzy creature with tiny wings between classes, frightening several third years when it scuttled up their legs. Rav was happy to learn that Gertrude shared her opinion about the Twins, calling them "insufferable," and "chaotic," as they made their way to Transfiguration.

By the time Professor McGonagall was concluding her class, Rav was completely exhausted from the day. She stared out the nearest window and looked down at the grass below them. A strong hot wind had picked up in the late afternoon and the swirls of green in the grass were sending Rav into a very relaxing day dream. She had learned that Transfiguration was a type of Magic that allowed witches and wizards to transform objects, people, or animals into other living or nonliving things. The thought of this intrigued her. Staring droopy eyed down at the swirling grass below, Rav couldn't help but to imagine what it would be like to become a fox and be able to sunbathe in the open all day. An odd thought popped into her head of Professor Quirrell turning into a nervous mouse who shook in the corner with nowhere to run. And then of Professor Snape turning into a large raven that sat on a branch high above the castle in his thrown, cawing and swooping down at students as they did things wrong.

"Rav!" Gertrude hissed loudly in her ear.

Jolting back to the class room, Rav noticed that most of the students were packing up their bags to leave or had already left.

"You do that a lot, don't you?" Gertrude asked her with frustration.

"Do what?" Rav sighed standing up and packing her own borrowed books.

"Tune out. You did it during the sorting too. I've said your name at least three times now." Gertrude's expression was that of a mother after asking her child to do a chore several times; disapproving and irritated.

"Sorry Gertrude, I just get distracted I guess."

"Well distraction is not wise in my class, Ms. Rettler." Professor McGonagall piped up from behind her ancient podium.

"Sorry professor," Rav mumbled to her as well.

Cocking an eyebrow, McGonagall responded sharply, "Why don't you stay a moment, Ms. Rettler. I would like to have a word with you."

Giving a look of encouragement, Gertrude bid McGonagall a good evening and then told Rav she'd find her later to go to the library. "I didn't mean to doze off professor," Rav started knowing exactly what Professor McGonagall wanted to talk to her about. "It's just that this place is so big and I've been walking all over to find the classes. It's not like any other school I've been to."

Rav's policy was a lie with a truth always seemed more believable than a lie with a lie when trying to get out of trouble. She had actually found all of her classes rather easily and none of them were a very far walk from the Great Hall or Gryffindor Common Room. However, Hogwarts was unlike any school she had ever been to, or thought of going to, and it was that information that made McGonagall's expression soften just the slightest.

"That's not what I wish to talk to you about, Ms. Rettler, but I do advise that you try harder to stay focused in your future classes." McGonagall took the glasses off her face to wipe them clean, and then placed them back on and focused in to Rav. "What I wanted to talk to you about was your supplies for the school year. Professor Snape approached me this afternoon saying that you lacked some of the common basics. Did Professor Sprout not tell you to come to me before classes began to collect these things?"

Rav racked her brains for that memory and found it buried under all of the excitement of arriving at Kings Cross the day she left for Hogwarts. Rav bowed her head in guilt. "Yes professor, she did."

Disapproving of Rav's lack of recollection, Professor McGonagall walked over to her desk and pulled out several large stacks of parchment and new quills with ink. "I expect you to improve on both your memory and attention throughout the year, Ms. Rettler." McGonagall beckoned Rav towards her with a boney finger and together they put the parchment and quills in her book bag.

"I take it you've got a wand at least?" She asked half seriously.

"Yes professor," Rav took her wand out to prove she wasn't lying. It very pleasing light brown wood with small multicolored river stones embedded into the handle "The man in the shop said it was Cedar with Boomslang Venom."

"_Boomslang Venom?"_ McGonagall repeated with shock, "why I never-", but then quickly chose to change the subject by clearing her throat. "Well that's better than nothing, I suppose. If you need anything else come to me and I'll ensure that you receive it."

"Thank you, Professor," Rav said sincerely as she heaved the newly heavy bag off McGonagall's desk and headed out the door.

"Ms. Rettler?" McGonagall called once more.

Rav turned and met McGonagall's gaze, "Yes, Professor?"

"I should clarify and say that you can come to myself or Professor Snape, as he asked me to stress that point, and we will ensure that you receive whatever it is that you need."

End
file.